...
BUT NOW WE STAND SO NEAR, THE EMBERS SINGE US WITH EACH CACKLE.

...
IGNORING THE SMOKE. PRETENDING COALS HAVE GONE COLD
...

FOR SO LONG YOU HAVE TURNED YOUR BACK TO IT
...

THESE FANGS WILL NOT BE MUZZLED.

SMOTHER ALL ELSE 'TIL THERE IS NOTHING BUT TO STAMP OUT THAT MOCKING CONFLAGRATION.